

12-1874

The Bates Student - volume 2 number 10 - December 1874

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VOL. II.

DECEMBER, 1874.

No. 10.

THE
BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Published by the Class of '75.

EDITED BY FRANK H. SMITH AND GEORGE OAK.
BUSINESS MANAGER, J. HERBERT HUTCHINS.

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DOVER, N. H.

PRINTED AT THE MORNING STAR JOB PRINTING HOUSE.

1874.

BATES COLLEGE,
November, 1874. }

DEAR SIR:—

The renewal of your subscription to
“THE BATES STUDENT,” *which will be published during the year 1875,*
by the class of '76, under the editorship of CHARLES S. LIBBY and EDWARD WHITNEY,
is respectfully solicited.

THE STUDENT contains all college news, and articles of educational and literary interest.

Terms, \$1.00 per year, always in advance.

To secure the reception of the January number, subscriptions should be sent in immediately.

All subscriptions and business letters should be addressed to “The Manager,”

I. C. PHILLIPS,

Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.

THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. II.

DECEMBER, 1874.

No. 10.

PARSON POLYGLOT'S SON.

CHAPTER VIII.

My shame and desperate guilt at once confound me.
Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offense,
I tender 't here: I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.

—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

SITTING with his own meditations in his little room up stairs, Frank Dinsmore had forgotten that he was to join a party of good fellows, on that windy March night, in passing a few jolly hours at the village billiard-hall. It was not till the masked face had thrown off its disguise and discovered the familiar features of one of Frank's cronies, that he recalled the fact. Not till then, either, did he remember that, between this unmasked terror and himself, a deed of a darker nature had been whispered, for this same night. He was not in a mood for

such things that night. He would go to the billiard-hall and that was all. But on the next day, though his head was racked with pain, he easily remembered that his resolution had not been kept. He recalled a scene that he would gladly have forgotten,—himself and another, both masked, creeping in utter darkness through the back entrance of a store, terrified whisperings when the middle of the store had been reached, when they could almost see each other's faces, pale against the blackness, the striking of a match, the sight of a sleeping man, and the throb-

bing, trembling, despairing haste out into the freedom of the air. Frank remembered, too, that, on meeting afterwards, he and his companion had come to the conclusion that the sleeping man was a creature of their own imagination, and had agreed to renew their attempt, at some future time.

That future time chanced to be the night of the first day of May. The plan worked to perfection. Not a sound nor a sight drove away the young burglars till their booty had been secured. Cautiously they left the store, and separated with an agreement to meet in half an hour at a place of rendezvous without the village. Frank walked briskly, and tried to walk boldly, through the dim streets. Now and then a sound of running made his heart leap. Sometimes he paused to listen, and then walked on more hurriedly, with a sigh of relief when he found that the foot-steps were receding from him. As he approached the parsonage, the halts became more frequent, for he heard running and calls all about. He was half inclined to take to the fields, but soon put away the thought as a foolish one. Yet it was not without great alarm that, as he was passing the house, he heard shouts back in the village, and fancied that the same shouts were taken up nearer and nearer, till a voice seemed calling, "Stop thief," in his very ear. And when Charlie and Albert rushed

out, as we have seen, Frank had no doubt that his pursuers, whoever they were, knew perfectly well that he had, in his possession, money that was not his own. Of the rest, the pursuit, the tragic ending, we know already. Frank saw, too late, that the sea was in his path. He knew that Charlie Templeton, like whom he himself had once been respected, was his pursuer. He turned, and, with an energy that was born of spite, struck the blow that laid our hero low.

Albert could not see the wound that his brother had received. He only knew that Charlie lay without speaking, and he felt something like blood trickling down his face. With an exclamation of horror, he drew his hand away. Then the terror of it all suddenly seized upon him, and he sat down and cried piteously.

Meantime, Frank was recovering slowly his lost wits. "Come, Al," he said at last, "you must help me carry Charlie home."

"Oh, I can not do it!" cried Albert, with a shudder.

"But you must," urged Frank. "The sooner he gets home the better. You don't want him to die, do you, Albert?" Frank spoke calmly now, as if there was but one way to act and he was ready to yield to his destiny.

Albert was soon prevailed upon to lend a helping hand, yet their united efforts were of little avail.

They succeeded in carrying Charlie out of the Devil's Pass, and more than that they could not do.

"Well, then," said Frank, in the same calm tones he had used before, "we must go and get your father."

They went in silence. Arrived at the parsonage, Albert ran in to call his father. In a moment, it seemed, Mr. Templeton was at the street door, demanding almost fiercely of Frank what had happened to Charlie.

"It was all my fault," hurried Frank, just as Mrs. Templeton appeared on the scene; "I had been in mischief at the village, and when ——"

"But where is he now?" thundered Mr. Templeton.

"Down by the Devil's Pass. Come with me, sir."

"Wait, husband," called Mrs. Templeton. "I must go, too. Come, get the lantern, we may be able to help him there more than if we waited to bring him home." And then, as she turned to prepare assistance for Charlie, "O God, is my son dead?" and she almost fell to the floor.

"No, wife," and Mr. Templeton laid his hand gently on his wife's shoulder; "I shall bring Charlie back safe. But you must not go. I can do all for him that can be done." He stepped out into the street and was gone with Frank before she knew it.

Later that night, they returned,

leading Charlie, who had recovered from the effects of the blow sufficiently to realize that his head was full of quick, darting, cruel pains. Frank Dinsmore, with eyes cast down, passed out to his own home.

In the afternoon he went back. Mr. Templeton met him at the door of Charlie's room. "Could he see Charlie?" "Yes, he might look in, but he must not speak."

"You want to speak with me, don't you, Frank?" asked Mr. Templeton, noticing a peculiar look on Frank's face.

"Yes, sir," said Frank, "with you and Mrs. Templeton and Winnie."

They all met him in the parlor. "You know, sir," he began, addressing Mr. Templeton, "that, of late years, I have been growing rather wild, as the word goes. God knows, I didn't dream where it would all end. Last night, I robbed a store in the village. As I was passing by here, on my way to meet my partner in the robbery, some one gave chase, as I supposed, for the purpose of overtaking the robber. Under that impression, when I found that I could not escape, I struck Charlie. To-day, sir, I have been to the owner of the store and told him all. He has forgiven me. I have come now to ask the forgiveness of you all and of Charlie."

"Ours you had before you asked it," said Mrs. Templeton, ris-

ing and putting her arm around him.

"And yours?" he asked, trying to look at Winnie through his tears.

"Yes, and mine and Charlie's, too," she said, giving him her hand.

"And may God bless you," said the Parson, "and help you to do your duty as well hereafter, as you have done it to-day."

CHAPTER IX.

And now my story's done.

—*Mother Goose.*

It was just two years from the day Charlie's fever turned—they all spoke of it as they sat at Commencement dinner,—that quite a number of our acquaintances listened to his oration on graduating from College. Winnie was there, the observed of all that were in the secret. The Reverend Mr. Templeton and wife were there, proud of their son's high standing. Frank Dinsmore was there, a candidate for a Freshman ticket. Ever after the occurrences of the last chapter, Frank was wholly changed. As soon as it became probable that Charlie would get well, Frank was almost constantly his companion. One day he asked: "Do you remember all about that night, Charlie?"

"I remember everything up to the time I entered the Devil's Pass," he answered.

"Don't you know, then, who it was that struck you? Don't you know that I am the cause of all your sickness?"

"You, Frank?"

Then Frank told him all, and how it had changed him, as he believed, forever. "I forgive you, Frank, before you ask it," said Charlie, earnestly; "and I only rejoice that it has all been ordered as it has."

From that day, the two seemed to understand each other perfectly, and a friendship sprang up between them that was never broken. It was through Charlie's influence that Frank was induced to resume his preparatory studies, which he had neglected, and fit himself for College. Accordingly, two years afterward, we find him entering the College halls just as Charlie is going out.

Not for a long absence does Charlie go, however. His College wants him to fill, some day, one of her places of honor. She sends him to Europe and gives him her professorship of English Literature. He comes back after two years to find his native land but little changed; to find Mooseville the same idle, gossiping village as ever. The news of his coming had filled the ears of the town. A demonstration must be made. Their "very talented young townsman"—so the *Gazette* had it,—must have a reception, the speech of welcome to be made by "another of

our promising young men, Mr. Frank Dinsmore."

On the day following his return and reception, Charlie must needs go to a water-party, gotten up for his especial enjoyment by our old friend, Humphrey Barstock. The invitation recalled to Charlie's mind, the unfailing friendship of the old man for the boy and the young man, his constant yet unassuming kindness whenever he had been sick, his patronizing, protecting tenderness, everywhere. No public demonstration pleased Charlie so much as this manifestation of unchanged good-

will on the part of his old friend.

We approach the end of our story. It is again Commencement Day. This time Frank Dinsmore is the hero of the day. Prof. Templeton sits upon the stage. His wife, Mrs. Winnie Templeton, smiles up from among the audience. Frank was the last to speak. As he left the stage, many a person in the hall wished him the noble life he had portrayed so vividly as "The Ideal Life;" and among them all, none wished it more fervently than did PARSON POLYGLOT'S SON.

THE DYING YEAR.

How soft and low along the shore
A song dies out at eventide,
How glides along the trembling air,
As if its laughing tones to hide.

How slow the fading embers turn,
As lower down the red flames fall,
And almost grasp the spirit life
Of shadows, moving on the wall.

How steals the cold upon the heart,
When troubled nature seeks a rest;
When close the eyes to worldly sights,
And fold the hands upon the breast.

So dies the weary year to-night,
 And hugs its robes of silver gray,
 To meet the bounds the fates have set,
 And vanish with the coming day.

How many joys the year has brought,
 How many sorrows full and deep,
 How many thoughts have filled the soul,
 The soul will ever, ever keep.

While moons have waned and stars have set,
 To alternate the night and day,
 The flowers have bloomed and faded out,
 The birds have come and flown away.

The merry laugh of summer time
 Has lost its echo in the sky ;
 And shouts from hearts once full of glee
 Live only now in memory.

The golden fruit of harvest-time
 Has fallen from the laden bough,
 The withered leaves have rustled down,
 The brooklet's song is dying now.

So dies the weary year to-night,
 And hugs its robes of silver gray,
 To meet the bounds the fates have set,
 And vanish with the coming day.

W E A L T H.

WE are professedly a free people, denying that we superstitiously bow to idols. The statement that this country is controlled by idolatrous principles would be an insult. Still, we are blindly led by the god Mammon. We prostrate ourselves, as if by instinct, at his shrine. Upon his altars the firstlings of the flock are, too fre-

quently offered. The power of the magnet over steel is not more irresistible than the influence of money upon the mind of the public at large. Eager pursuit after the very ghost of a penny is a marked characteristic of the present age. No rank or circle can affirm that it is free. The love of money is impressed upon the ragged news-boy and dirty boot-black, as well as the merchant prince on the Exchange, and the President leisurely smoking his cigar at the White House.

By no means, however, do we say that a young man should hesitate to devote his time and energies to the acquirement of wealth. The back-bone of all our great enterprises is composed of strong financial men. By these enterprises, hundreds of laborers are furnished with employment without which they would not be able to provide their homes with so many comforts. The wealthiest men of our age commenced life poor. They endured hardships, privations, toiled from rosy dawn until dewy eve, and they knew the value of every dollar they earned. The father says, he don't intend that his boys shall begin life at the foot of the ladder, as he did, but that he will start them with well filled pockets, and upon a fast horse. The consequence is, that the boys often end life where their father began it.

What is easily obtained is light-

ly esteemed. Those who wish that they were rich without labor, wish for speedy ruin. The day-dreamer, delighting to muse on dimes falling from the clouds instead of snow-flakes, or on fairy lands where green-backs grow upon trees; the idler, holding up a lamp-post, waiting for a streak of good luck,—had better pull the cigar out of their mouths, and, putting brains in their hands, dig their way to affluence. Lily hands and soft heads are always married. The toughening of the one is the hardening of the other, and both insure a bountiful purse.

How the gilded phantom of wealth dazzles the eyes of men! Let the cry be raised that gold has been discovered. The glittering veins may be in a foreign country. The climate may be pestilential. The inhabitants may be hostile savages. Difficulties that at home would be regarded as insurmountable, are mere cobwebs. Family ties are readily broken. Farewells are hastily uttered. Crowding every sail upon the sea, and thronging every rail upon the land, men rush to the lands where mountains have jeweled bosoms, and rivers roll over golden sands. In their haste to get rich, they bury every manly, noble principle of their nature in the mines where they obtain the yellow dust.

Why should men strive more arduously to become rich than to be good? That wealth has pow-

er, none will deny. But it is limited. It can buy office. It does not furnish ability to fill it. It can attract a host of flatterers. It does not procure one true friend. It can build a magnificent mansion. It does not obtain the best of home's ornaments—love. It will spread the table with the most delicious dainties. It can not confer an appetite to enjoy them. It will surround the sick bed with a troop of physicians. It can not restore health to the aching body, or ward off the stroke of death, when the bell of eternity strikes twelve. It will decorate the casket for the lifeless body. It can never open the door of heaven to the departing spirit. Is a power so limited the true ideal of greatness? Do not riches frequently defeat their own purposes? Is the mind of the rich man free from perplexities? Is he happier than the man he employs? Does the coach and four possess more attractions than a humble team? The one often carries a load of disease and dissipation. The other, health and integrity. Is the bed of eider-down softer than the pallet of straw? Let those answer who have tested both. Napoleon Bonaparte affirmed that he was happier when he walked the streets of Paris with no other possession than his sword, than when he stood at the zenith of his glory. Why covet the great possessions of the rich? They have

only what they use through life, and at its close are stripped of all. The meanest beggar upon the side-walk would not exchange places with the millionaire riding in his hearse. Who ever saw a dead man grasping the key of his safe? Deeds, mortgages, bonds, bank-stock, vessels, commercial centers, do not attract his attention now.

Many become rich by oppressing the hireling in his wages, and grinding the face of the poor in the dust. Every dollar of their ill-gotten gain is stained with blood, and the malediction of Heaven rests upon its circulation. Yet they think, as death approaches, that a few thousand dollars as an endowment fund for a poor asylum or university will obliterate the past, and purchase a crown of life for their guilty heads. The widow's two mites will weigh more in the sanctuary of eternity than the thousands contributed in such bequests. The individual who is rich in faith is wealthier than a Vanderbilt or Rothschild. Being an heir of God, and joint heir with Christ, he has a promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.

To have these abiding riches is to be a millionaire, although the heir may be a Lazarus.

May our prayer ever be, "Give us neither riches nor poverty." May we never forget others, while we ourselves are enjoying the

sweets of life. Charity needs ventilation. At home it should commence, but not stay there; or else it will pine away, and die for the want of air, light and sunshine. The wrongs we can redress, the

sorrows we can heal, the poor we can relieve, the lowly we can raise are penny savings-banks where we can make daily deposits at a hundred per cent. interest.

THE DANGER OF THE COUNTRY.

NOTHING indicates a lower condition of things in a nation than the perversion of justice by the rulers of the land. There is nothing more abhorrent to our better sense. It seems to be the last extreme, and the culmination of national degradation, for men to take a bribe in judgment.

If, on the lower planes of life, men become dishonest, and lie and cheat, we do not much regard it, because of their comparative insignificance. But when one who is chosen to judge between man and man; whose duty it is to balance interests and award to each man his due; when such a man, to whom the suffering, and the wronged appeal, bends from his high duty for a reward, then humanity grieves and is also indignant.

The Bible everywhere deals with law as a sacred thing. Destroy law, and you destroy all authority and power. Weaken it,

and you weaken the foundation on which all human hopes rest. The least impairing of it is, so far, an impairing of all the interests it covers. Every law is as valuable as the interests it was created to protect. It is this fact that makes the responsibilities of rulers so great. It binds them in the name of every subject to do justice. Its demand is constant and righteous, and can not be overborne without the blackest crime.

Unjust judges are the culmination of the wickedness of the land. The nation, like the individual, goes from the less crime to the greater. We do not expect to see a man commence a course of crime with murder. He commences with those little acts which undermine character and undo the sense of right.

So a nation takes its downward course by steps. Commencing in purity; born perhaps in the carnage of a just revolution; purified

by sacrifice and poverty, she enters national existence with a pure national character. But, by and by, prosperity attends her, and the avarice of her subjects begins to appear. Men seek to rule who would serve not the ends of law and justice, but their own interests.

Patriotism dies as avarice grows. This spirit, like the poison of the snake, infuses itself through the body politic. The government is looked upon as a mine from which to extract gain, rather than a protector under which men may help each other on to nobility and greatness. Laws are enacted looking to private good rather than public weal; and law-makers sell themselves to the rich for the oppression of the poor. Corruption, once begun, pours itself down into all the limbs of national strength.

Thus the national domain becomes the field of selfish grasping, a plain of strife where man preys upon his fellowmen. And this is all the time carrying the nation downward. This is the way nations die. They can not well be destroyed from without. They can bear the hard strain of governmental support, can turn back the waves of the strifes and wars of other nations, but when home corruption has commenced, the destruction becomes sure.

And here is just where we are at the present time. No nation ever commenced its existence un-

der better auspices. None ever laid a nobler sacrifice upon the altar of its birth. The struggles of our revolutionary fathers will bear comparison with any the world has ever known. The purity of our beginning, the purity of the men who made our laws and reigned over us, challenges the world. Our growth, on the whole, has been healthy. We have prospered wonderfully. The history of no nation can bear comparison with ours. We have grown into a great nation, and now, in the pride of our strength, we begin to feel the decay that will as assuredly work our downfall as the worm and the rot will work the destruction of the tree.

The time was when men who were placed in office were satisfied to stand on the simple merits of their character. Fifty years ago, it would have defeated a man to go around and plead his own cause before the people. It would have been considered as begging for that which should be a free gift. Thirty years ago men began to speak in their own interests for the less important offices of state. Soon congressmen went stumping their districts in their own behalf. Since then, for a governmental or presidential candidate to plead his own cause has not been considered immodest. When office-seekers become mercenary enough to beg, we may be sure there is something besides patriotism that moves

them. It was when men saw gain in government, that they sought government for gain; and the value of the office sought was just equal to the gain it promised.

As the natural result of this state of things, money began to be used in elections. The spirit that made one man thirst for office, made others willing to sell their influence to him. Often the press of the land is bought and its influence secured. This opens the way for the last step in the downward course of political corruption, viz., the buying of votes. This carries the interests of the nation from the judgments of the people to the purses of the office-seekers, and places the interests of the masses in the hands of those whose highest recommendation is the highest injustice.

The cases in New York of the corruption of all the leading offices of the city, followed by the bribery of judges, by the basest of men, and the developments in Congress connected with the *Credit Mobilier*, in which men, supposed to possess the highest integrity, have been, to say the least, politically ruined, are well calculated to create apprehensions as to the future of our country. The one word to which the nation needs to listen to-day is reform. It should be rung in the ears of the electors. It should be spoken forth at our political meetings. Nor should the press and the pulpit keep silence. Until the good men of the land combine to send good men to our State and general legislatures, we can not hope for national health and progression.

UNWRITTEN LANGUAGE.

THERE is an influence more effective than that which attends the utterance of words. It dwells in the mountain; abides with the sunset, and inhabits the ocean. This influence we have chosen to call unwritten language, and it is our purpose to notice

how effective it may be under certain circumstances.

Objects of nature, which are grand and imposing, impress us by their sublimity and grandeur. A cup of water would not inspire us with any remarkable emotion whatever; but the ocean, urging

onward its foam-crested surges, would assuredly appeal to our conception of majesty and power, as we witness them dashed so furiously upon the rocky strand. The little brook, stealing by curves and crooks along the forest's edge, might attract our notice for a moment as we saw it gurgling over some tiny brink; but what awe would the tumbling sheet of Niagara's waters inspire within us as, spell-bound, we gazed upon its seething masses and heard the sound of its descending waters! The fagot, which is put into the stove as fuel, excites no degree of wonder; but when the storm-king rides over the tops of the forests, we view the writhing boughs and hear their complainings with intense surprise.

Again, some things speak to us through their associations. A tree becomes an object of tender regard to us, because it was planted by a friend who has since journeyed into futurity; we take a melancholy pleasure in walking in a path, because it brings to our minds pleasant moments which have been enjoyed, as we have walked and talked with friends who are now "gone before." Men, who, when boys, left their home "to win themselves a name and place among men," are deeply moved as they ramble among the familiar scenes of their childhood, hearing, as it were, the glad notes of boyhood's joy in "well

remembered days" gone by. It was by bringing up old things in which both had shared, that the tomb of Washington so deeply affected Lafayette. In a far off land, a mother weeps over a stranger's grave, because at home her own friends "lie sleeping." The crosses, which are placed on the spires of churches in which Catholics worship, are indicative of this speaking by associating memories; but how much more would the very cross on which Christ died, speak, could one behold it.

Once more. Many objects are suggestive in their communications. The spotless purity of the pond-lily and the pure white of the newly-fallen snow, appeal to the feelings of innocence and purity. "I am the lily of the valley," said Christ; and Isaiah informs us that the Lord says: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." "The Lord is my Rock," exclaimed David; . . . blessed be my Rock." Many objects inspire us with reverence. "Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind sees God in the cloud and hears him in the wind." Some incite to further effort. The apple set Newton thinking, and resulted in the discovery of the law of gravity. Emerson says, "All literature writes the character of the wise man. Books, monuments, pictures, conversation, are portraits in which he finds the lineaments he is forming. The silent

and the eloquent praise him and accost him, and he is stimulated wherever he moves as by personal allusions. A true aspirant, therefore, never needs look for allusions, personal and laudatory in discourse. He hears the commendation, not of himself, but, more sweet, of that character he seeks, in every word that is said concerning character; yea, further, in every fact and circumstance,—in the running river and the rustling corn. Praise is looked, homage tendered, love flows from mute nature, from the mountains and the lights of the firmament."

Bryant has said something about Nature's speaking "to him who in love" thereof "seeks communion with her visible forms." Any one who brings to her this love will always find something for himself alone, either in the swaying branch, or the rumbling thunder, or the granite-crowned mountain, or upon the broad plain; in short, something will bring to him a message, at once elevating, thrilling and grand. And it makes no difference if he be in the jungles of Africa, or amid the icebergs of the Arctic; no matter where he may pursue his way, or in what spot arrest his steps. Whatever his station in life may be, if he will fulfill this condition, he shall find that the brook gurgles for some purpose; the ocean roars to some

intent; and the night-winds, in their journeying, sigh in meaning whispers. For him nothing will be made in vain.

In conclusion, we remark that unwritten language is the harbinger of Nature's destiny. God, inasmuch as he is an active and intelligent Being, possesses an infinitely grand ideal. This has become realized and expressed in the beauties of the landscape and in the glories of the sky. Amid these he has placed man, the highest realization of his ideal. To man, then, are all things inferior. For man's benefit, then, exist all things. Already, at the bidding of science, do the rocks yield their testimony. Already do "the very stones cry out." But it is only begun. For cycles in the past, have these teachers been proclaiming their truth. Always the sun has been telling. Ever has the landscape been appealing. Now, at first, as it were, man hears. Recognizing her destiny, Nature unites her voices, and begins to lead man into the companionship of the Creator. When, with Nature as his teacher, man shall have become inspired with, and elevated to, the beautiful, the good, and the true, then shall he be presented to his Maker, redeemed and wholly free from his iniquity.

THE STOIC AND THE PURITAN.

THE matchless day of Grecian glory was nearly ended. The old heroic spirit, which, two centuries before, won Marathon and culminated at Thermopylæ, had well nigh passed away. Hardihood and simplicity had yielded to effeminacy and luxury. Sensuality, like an insidious disease, preyed upon the once energetic Grecian manhood and poisoned the very fountain-heads of civilization. Once proudly vindicating her claim to be the foremost of nations, the land of Homer and Phidias, of Leonidas and Socrates, was, ere long, to sink into the insignificance of a dependent province. But was the flame of Grecian glory to go out on the altar unheeded? No. In politics arose the Achæan League, maintaining which perished Philopæmen, "the last of the Greeks," burning to restore his native land to something of its former worth. In morals, arose Zeno of Citium, who came to Athens three centuries before Christ, and, in the Painted Porch, boldly, eloquently sounded the keynote of a high reformation. It would have been well for the degenerate Greeks, had they received more favorably the doctrines of that new teacher, in part a Cynic, in part a Platonist, yet something besides, presenting a philosophy which, despite its many errors, rose grandly above the disgraceful

effeminacy and vices of the age.

In the year of our Lord, 1550, in the presence of the young English king, Edward VI., and some of the high political and ecclesiastical functionaries of the realm, occurred a most significant event. A heroic old man stood before that imposing assembly, unsustained save by a power that no man can give, and, with a voice that never faltered and an eloquence that swept everything before it but deeply rooted prejudices, pleaded for purity, simplicity, and freedom of conscience in the worship of the most high God. That man was Hooper, the first of the English Puritans. There he stood,—the prison door swinging wide open before him, the awful scenes of coming days, red with the flames of the martyr's pyre, crowding upon his vision; yet fearlessly denouncing error, invoking the spirit of reform, heralding those other voices that loudly advocated the rights of man, and filled the next century and a half with "sounds that echo still."

The differences between the Stoic and the Puritan are due chiefly to their respective ages; eighteen centuries intervene between them. The age of the primitive Stoic was an early heathen age; that of the Puritan, an enlightened Christian age. Reason's feeble ray was the Stoic's

chief light; the Puritan owed his whole character to the glory of a divine revelation made fifteen centuries before him. What wonder that the Stoic lacked the wisdom and zeal of the Puritan? What wonder that he thought of God as the mere Reason of the world? What wonder that he thought it highest virtue to exalt reason, this God in us, and to despise the senses, the passions? Reason was his only guide; it was three centuries after Zeno before the Word came down from the heaven of heavens, proclaiming the true God, teaching the law of Love. "What is virtue?" was the constant inquiry of the Stoic, and, in his ignorance, he thought that the knowledge of virtue must be tantamount to the practice of it. From this error, the Puritan was safe.

"Rise, O Athenians,"—we may guess the language of the ancient teacher,—*"rise above your passions, your senses; live an intellectual life! Passions enslave you; intellect frees you. Your senses are the passive part of you; your intellect, the active. Rise, therefore, above your passions, your senses, that you may be free, active, virtuous!"* Such doctrines, and the habits of life to which they led, really claim but little sympathy from the Puritan. He, indeed, was the intolerant foe of sensual vice; he duly exalted mind above matter, regarded spiritual exercise and a clear conscience as

far superior to mere bodily conditions, but he never forgot what the Stoic often seemed not to know,—that the soul is joined to the body; that to feel pain is no disgrace; that emotions are not always ignoble. Death, moreover, with the Puritan, was awfully significant,—the passing of an immortal soul. The Stoic, for pain and for death, affected the same supreme contempt. Death!—it is nothing but the re-absorption of the soul in the divine Reason whence it sprung. The sooner it occurs, the better, especially if life has become burdensome. From this point, the Stoic took a short step to the teaching and practice of suicide—an act necessarily abhorred by the Puritan as a crime against nature and God.

The points of resemblance between the Stoic and the Puritan are few, but striking. The similarity consists not so much in peculiar beliefs and habits, as in certain traits of character which both possessed, and in the positions which they occupied with reference to their respective ages. They were both positive characters, original, unyielding. The typical Puritan was not more distinct from the easy-going Conformist, than the Stoic from the Skeptic and the Epicurean. The Stoic, it is true, lacked the headlong zeal—the fanaticism of the Puritan, but he was scarcely less in earnest; and not only in the

porch and the market-place, but also in the senate, the forum and the army, was his voice heard and his example seen. Both were not only distinct from their contemporaries, but, in their peculiar ideas, both were superior to the masses amid which they moved. Both saw, condemned, and sought to rectify existing wrongs. They were reformers. They came into the world with missions to perform, and that they wrought something of the good intended, neither the Augustan age of Rome, in the one case, nor the nineteenth century, in the other, can fail to show. True it is that the sun of ancient Greece set, and set in clouds; yet the reformatory influence of Stoicism was, to some extent, felt immediately; and, centuries after Zeno went to Athens, we find that Stoicism operated at Rome to raise up good emperors, nobly to oppose the worst ones, and to effect beneficially the whole Roman polity.

The Puritan, it is true, was not speedily triumphant, but he laid

the foundations of liberty, and he builds thereon to-day. Puritanism did not pass away with the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It lives to-day,—must ever live. “Wherever,” says Whipple, “wherever virtue resists temptation, wherever men meet death for religion’s sake, wherever the gilded baseness of the world stands abashed before conscientious principles, there will be the spirit of the Puritans.” This sentiment we echo. They were both heroes,—the Stoic and the Puritan. With all their faults, and these were not a few, we must pronounce them to be among the noblest characters in history. It is to the eternal honor of the Stoic, that, in an age of sensuality, he stood forth in bold, persistent opposition. It is to the eternal honor of the Puritan, that, in the face of ancient precedent, popular sentiment, and royal frowns, he dared speak boldly, act fearlessly, and suffer and die in the service of freedom and religion.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

FAREWELL.

WITH this number, we close our connection with the STUDENT and resign its control—not without some feeling of relief—into the hands of the incoming editors of '76.

The year past has been crowded with varied and we trust valuable experiences, many of them exceedingly pleasant, but one, at least, equally sad. Almost at the beginning of the year the STUDENT suffered an irreparable loss in the death of its chief editor; a loss which his successors have in vain attempted to make good. We have elsewhere expressed, as far as possible, our respect, and affection for Mr. Whitehouse, but we should feel that we were doing injustice to his memory did we not also express our conviction that the magazine has not been what it would have been had he continued to control it. Nevertheless, we have done what we could, and, as far as effort is concerned, no man could do more. We have at least succeeded in transmitting it to our successors, and, in the future, we hope to see steady and continuous improvement.

As far as this improvement depends upon the editors of '76, we

have no misgivings, knowing as we do both their ability and zeal; but we beg leave to remind the students, alumni and friends of the institution, that they are in a great measure responsible for the success of this magazine. Especially is this true of the class of '76. More immediately interested than any one else, if you fail to contribute to its columns, you are false not only to the editors, but to your own best interests. Send in your contributions, and, if the first is rejected, send again, and continue to send until one is accepted, if it be only to get rid of you. Above all, when you promise an article, never, in the name of all that is merciful, fail to fulfill that promise. It is the essence of all meanness, to allow an editor to think that you are preparing an article, and then, when he calls for it, to coolly inform him that you shall not be able to write it. If a man is ever justified in the use of strong language, it is that editor. Seriously, the STUDENT will never attain its rightful position until both students and alumni feel a personal interest in its success, and are willing to contribute to its columns unsolicited.

We have received, during the year, a number of unsolicited con-

tributions. Some of these, we were compelled to reject, principally because they were written upon subjects unsuitable for a college publication; but, as a rule, we are certain that our best articles have reached us unasked. The reason of this is evident. A person who writes voluntarily for publication usually does so because he is interested in his subject and naturally endeavors to do his best. This of course produces lively and well written articles, and in this way alone can we expect BATES to be completely successful in journalism. We repeat it, then, send in your contributions without stint, and be neither offended nor discouraged if the first one be rejected. Practice alone makes perfect. If these remarks be deemed uncalled for here, we can only say that they are prompted by our strong interest in the future of the STUDENT and our earnest desire for its improvement.

In closing our connection with the magazine, we congratulate '76 on her happy choice of editors and assure them of our most hearty support; and carefully wiping our editorial pen, we bid all our readers and supporters a grateful farewell, and step quietly into the background.

THE DECISION AT BOWDOIN.

The following is clipped from the *Orient's* account of the game of base ball between the Bates

and Bowdoin nines at Brunswick, Oct. 10, 1874:

“During this inning (5th), a decision of the Umpire was disputed by the Bates; but afterwards, much to their credit, it was agreed to.

These are the facts of the case: The bases were full, and a ball was struck into left field and lost. The man that was on third, in running the others round, forgot to touch home base until all the others had touched it. As soon as the ball was found, it was thrown home, and the base and the man were both touched, and he was declared out, in accordance with Rule VI., Section 1:—

‘The order in which players shall run bases shall be the same as that observed in going to the bat, and after the ball has been hit fairly the bases shall be run in the following order, viz.: from home to first base, thence to second and third bases, to the home base. [No variation from this order is allowable and should a player run ahead of another and touch any base before the base-runner preceding him in order has touched it, the former must go back to the base he has left, and which alone he had a right to; and in such case he can be put out by the ball being held there before he reaches it.]’—*Chadwick*.

And as he was the third man out, the runs of the others could not be scored.”

The reporter for the *Orient* does not quite state the facts. There were but two men on bases, Hall on third, and Oakes on first, when Burr made a magnificent strike, giving him a home run. Meanwhile Hall came in, passed over the base, (which, by the way,

is only a circular plate, six or eight inches in diameter) and claims he touched it, but that in returning to his seat he thoughtlessly touched it a second time. When the ball was returned from the field. Whitmore went into the crowd, and touched Hall with the ball; whereupon the Umpire declared him out, saying that he did not touch the base the first time, but touched it after Oakes and Burr, and was therefore out of order according to the above rule. Admitting that he did not touch the base until after Oakes and Burr, by this rule it was impossible for him to be put out since he had touched the base (no matter when) before he was touched by the ball, and he could not run ahead of another, being on third himself. Now, according to the Umpire, Oakes and Burr ran ahead of Hall, since they touched the home plate before he did; they could have been put out by the above rule, but were not. Hall's score counts, and but two men were out that inning by rule. We did not "agree" with the Umpire's decision, but after much discussion concluded to submit rather than withdraw from the game. We were treated in a very gentlemanly manner by the Bowdoin nine, but trust that the next Umpire they furnish will not be so ignorant of the rules, as to have to be posted by their captain just before the beginning of the game.

W.

HAZING.

For the first time since its foundation a case of hazing has occurred at BATES. The excitement has been great, both in the college and in the city, and so many exaggerated and untrue reports have been circulated, that we desire first of all to give a correct statement of the facts.

It appears that a portion at least of the Sophomores thought that they had been insulted by Mr. Hussey of the Freshman class, and determined to resent it by breaking into his room during the night and clipping his whiskers. This programme they attempted to carry out upon the morning of the 31st of October, and succeeded in accomplishing their object; but upon attempting to leave, they were followed by Mr. Hussey, and a struggle took place in the hall, during which Hussey received several injuries about the head, and, as near as can be ascertained, was quite severely handled.

The clumsy manner in which the whole affair was conducted shows that the hazers were new at the business. Articles were left in the room by which the owners could be identified, and they were so imperfectly disguised that a number were recognized by Mr. Hussey.

The course of the parties concerned upon learning the condition of Mr. Hussey is much to their

credit. They at once acknowledged their connection with the affair, apologized to the Faculty and to Hussey, and paid the latter the sum of one hundred dollars as a compensation for the injuries received by him. Four of the offenders were promptly suspended for an indefinite period, and the remainder placed upon probation.

It is a matter of deep regret to all connected with the institution that an affair of this kind should occur within our walls, and we hope and believe that it is both the first and last that will ever take place. Under no circumstances and for no provocation is hazing justifiable. It is a foolish, absurd, disgraceful, barbarous custom, a relic of the dark ages which ought to have been abolished long since. Because a man is a Freshman, is he any the less a man? Then use him like a man. If he insults or imposes upon you or your class, treat him precisely as you would any one else. Either show him the contempt which he deserves, or knock him down upon the spot, but never be unmanly enough to enter his room by night and attack him unawares. We do not wish to read those connected with the late case a lecture, for we believe that no one more sincerely regrets it than they, but we do desire to express our emphatic disapprobation of the custom and to do our best to prevent its establishment at BATES.

Undoubtedly the authorities were actuated by the best of motives in their treatment of this affair, but, in our opinion, a great mistake has been made. We do not refer to the sentence passed upon the offenders, but to their course since. This course we do not propose to indicate here, it being sufficient for our purpose that it is known to all connected with the institution. If the Faculty had refused to consider any request upon the part of the students, nothing could have been said, but after the favorable reception of our request, the encouragement held out, and the more than half-promises that were made, it is not surprising that many of the students consider themselves unfairly treated. We say this in view of the fact that it is generally known that the Faculty did not expect, and did not desire, that the students comply with the terms proposed. This may be considered a politic course, but we beg leave to differ. Such a course was never yet productive of good, and we fear that the Faculty will yet realize that there is such a thing as too much policy.

MANAGER'S NOTE.

As our connection with the STUDENT closes with the issue of this number, we would offer thanks to all who have aided us in any manner during the year.

To the class of '75 we desire to say that we wish we had been able to do better for them, in regard to the STUDENT, than we have; we think it very probable that mistakes have been made, but we have always endeavored to do the best thing possible. We thank the class for the confidence they have placed in us, and for the assistance they have rendered.

It is with a feeling somewhat akin to relief that we give up the management of the STUDENT to "the manager" of '76. We recommend him to the sympathy and good will of his class; advising them to assist him all in their power, and not to find any more fault with him than is reasonable.

We wish the incoming "Manager" much success and pleasure in his work, and hope the STUDENT may improve much under his care.

J. H. H.

EXCHANGES.

One of the pleasantest things connected with our editorial duties is our exchange table. At first we were somewhat discouraged at their number, but as their forms became familiar we began to have our particular favorites, and to abstract them instinctively from the general pile. We liked, too, to plunge into the whole number and take a sort of bird's eye view of the college world, gleaming here and there an idea as we progressed.

To-day, we open our exchanges for the last time, and we can not help lingering over each, reluctant to bid them farewell. In doing so, we can only hope that each and all will, in the future, improve not only in ability, but in influence and prosperity as well, and conduce to the interests of their respective colleges even more than in the past.

The *Williams Athenaeum* claims the first attention at our hands. The managers of the *Review* and *Vidette* have done well in consolidating those two papers. The *Athenaeum* is printed upon excellent paper in a convenient form, and typographically is one of the best of college publications. The matter is also excellent as we might expect when we notice that the old editors of the *Review* and *Vidette* are in charge. The *Regatta* in particular is treated in a happy though somewhat sarcastic manner. We are glad to welcome it.

The *Alfred Student* has always been a favorite. Ably edited, well supported, and admirably managed, it deserves and has achieved a marked success in college journalism. We regard it as one of our ablest exchanges.

The *Chronicle* is another journal of which we never weary. It confines itself to questions of the day and always has something worth saying.

The *Brunonian* has undergone

a complete transformation. It is now a neat, able, well conducted, live paper, which deserves and no doubt will achieve the highest success.

The *Bowdoin Orient* still lives, but, judging from its contents, must have a hard struggle. When a college paper can obtain no better articles than the "Silurian Ball," of which the following is a specimen :

"Next sweeps in the festive Clam,
Early to escape the jam.
'Tis her intention to avoid
The company of the low Crinoid;"

or such a bundle of nonsense as "Tweedledum and Tweedledee," together with a few pointless jokes

and uninteresting college items, it has ceased to interest outsiders, whatever may be its standing at Bowdoin.

We have just received a number of the *Oxford Undergraduate's Journal*, and have perused it with much interest. It is a large sized, sixteen paged paper containing, besides its editorial matter, reports of the Oxford Pulpit, Societies, Athletic sports and prospects, University Items, Reviews, Correspondence, and in short almost everything of interest to Oxford men. We notice that the *Journal* has quite a large number of American exchanges.

COLLEGE PAPERS.—Cornell Era, Vassar's Miscellany, Harvard Advocate, Cornell Review, Trinity Tablet, Brunonian, College Journal, Central Collegian, Magenta, College Argus, Cornell Times, Amherst Student, The Owl, Aurora, College Chronicle, The Dartmouth, College Olio, The Chronicle, Nassau Literary Magazine, Union College Magazine, The Tyro, Packer Quarterly, Madisonensis, University Herald, The Targum, College Spectator, Index Niagarensis, Bowdoin Orient, Yale Literary Magazine, College Herald, Denison Collegian, Alumni Journal, The Annalist, Dalhousie Gazette, Irving Union, Hesperian, Student, University Press, Williams Athenæum, Alfred Student, High School, Oxford Undergraduate's Journal, McKendree Repository, Lehigh Journal, School Record, The Crescent, Students Mercury, College Courant.

OTHER PAPERS.—American Newspaper Reporter, American Journalist, Weekly Gazette, Old and New, Daily Graphic, Herald of Heath, Brainard's Musical World.

ODDS AND ENDS.

PRIMARILY.

—Pass up the pledge.

—Whiskers are now selling for one hundred dollars per set.

—A Senior defines metaphysics as a science in which the listener does not understand what the speaker means, and the speaker does not know himself.

—Send in your subscriptions. Don't, for heaven's sake, compel us to start the chromo business.—*Index Niagarensis.*

So says '76.

—Prof.—“What is *tautology*?”

Senior (very promptly)—“A superabundance of sense.”

Prof.—“Then there is very little tautology in this class. Excused.”—*Ex.*

—Scene—recitation in Mental Philosophy.—Time—ten minutes after bell rings.—Prof. “Mr. R.—in discussing the question of conscious or unconscious mental states, which side should you prefer?” Mr. R. “I should prefer to go home just now.”

So say we all of us. “To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heavens.”

—Scene—Recitation in Chemistry.—Prof. “Mr. A—, what kind of fabrics are bleached by sulphurous acid?” Mr. A. “Vegetable fabrics, such as straw, wool, &c.—Prof. “Do you regard wool as a vegetable production?”—Mr. A. “Yes, sir. Does not the Bible say that all flesh is grass?”

—The excuse of a young lady to her minister, who caught her napping, was, “Don't you think ladies had better be fast asleep than fast awake?”—*Ex.*

—If the young gentleman who asked, if “Iceland was inhabited,” had subscribed for the *Mercury* last year, he would have saved himself two dollars worth of mortification. But then you can't expect much from one who does not subscribe for his college paper.—*College Mercury.*

—Experimental Chemistry. — Student: “Professor, does corrosive sublimate always coagulate the albumen of an egg?” Prof.—“Yes, sir.” Stud.—“If hens were fed on it, would they lay boiled eggs?” Prof.—Leave the room, sir.”—*Targum.*

COLLEGE ITEMS.

TERM closes the 24th. Vacation of six weeks.

Written examinations at the close of the term.

Nearly all the students are to teach during the coming winter. Some have already commenced.

Fred. Douglass delivered his celebrated lecture on John Brown at City Hall, Nov. 17th, under the auspices of the Senior class. It is the general opinion that the Seniors did not get rich on account of it.

The second division of the Freshman class, declaimed in the college chapel Friday evening, Oct. 30th, before a large and appreciative audience. The committee gave the prize to Daggett with honorable mention of Brockway.

The class of '76 has selected the following gentlemen to take charge of the *Student* during the ensuing year: First Editor, C. S. Libby; Second Editor, E. Whitney; Business Manager, I. C. Phillips.

At the annual meeting of the Reading Room Association, held Nov. 5th, the following officers were chosen: Pres., A. T. Sallee; Vice Pres., T. H. Stacy; Sec. and Treas. C. E. Brockway; Executive Committee, F. H. Smith,

B. H. Young, B. Minard, H. F. Rundlett.

A novel plan for accommodating students has been devised at the new University of California. The college buildings being insufficient to meet the wants of the students, the Regents have arranged for the building of cottages, each furnishing accommodation for twelve students.—*Cornell Era*.

Forty-eight American Students were at the University of Berlin last winter.—*Ex*.

The students of St. Andrew's University, Scotland, are talking of choosing Mr. Darwin for their next Rector. Mr. Huxley lost the last election by three votes.

Kansas is now the twelfth State with a compulsory educational law upon its statute books. The following are the States which have such laws: New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Michigan, Kansas, Texas, Nevada and California.—*Ex*.

The Freshman Class, at Marietta College, numbers 23; Williams has 60; Amherst, 117; Cornell, 125; Yale, 283; Wesleyan University, 51; Dartmouth, 80; Brown 100; Colby, 32; Wabash, 29;

Michigan University, 118; Lafayette, upwards of 100; Bowdoin, 20; Rutgers, 56.

Professor Guyot, of Princetown College, the physical geographer, has been requested by the American Association for the Advancement of Science to prepare a biography of Professor Agassiz. He is a native of Switzerland, and has been a personal friend of Agassiz from his boyhood.—*College Courant*.

CORNELL.—At a supper given by Goldwin Smith to the Senior class of Cornell, the famous Englishman said that, with regard to the subject of co-education, he belonged to that large and disinterested class of humanity who are "on the fence," and that for the present he was quite content to sit there and watch the "movements of the natives."

Among the 1,176 students at the University of Michigan there may be numbered ninety-two ladies in the several departments. When they are all assembled to hear a lecture in the college halls, the sittings assigned them are pointed out to strangers as the Art Galleries of the University.—*College Days*.

Amherst College has received

four car-loads of statuary for the College Art Gallery, containing two thousand works of art, purchased in Europe by Prof. Mather, who has been traveling eight months for that purpose. A hundred of them are casts of works never before seen in this country, many of them the full size of the originals.—*Chronicle*.

Whoever was second at Saratoga, says the *Boston Traveller*, Morrissey was first. After the race it was estimated that his bank, in one evening, took in from \$100,000 to \$150,000. His tables were splendidly laid, and every temptation to the appetite was offered; after that the green cloth was spread and the "Tiger" appeared. One young man from Cambridge, of wealthy parentage, is reported to have lost \$2,500; and another from the same place, \$2,100. Saratoga College races may be good for the development of muscles—but where are the morals?

The faculty of Williams College have become alarmed at the mania which prevails among the eastern institutions for boat and foot races, finding that they are of so absorbing and intrusive a character as to pre-occupy the mind and make other occupations distasteful. Measures have accordingly been taken to check it.—*Univ. Press*.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[Space will be given every month to the record of one or more of the alumni in the form of the following. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material.—Ed.]

CLASS OF 1870.

Durgin, De Witt Clinton,—
Born,—. Son of the Rev. John
M. and Harriet Durgin.

1871,—Principal of High School
at Franconia, New Hampshire.

1872,—Took charge of the
Christian Institute at Wolfboro, N.
H.

1873,—'74,—Principal of Wolf-
boro Academy.

1873,—Began the study of Med-
icine.

Post-office address, Wolfboro,
New Hampshire.

CLASS OF 1871.

Libby, Jesse Miles. Born, March
28, 1846.—Son of S. and L. A.
Libby.

1871—'72,—Principal of the
Eastport High School.

1873,—Entered the law-office of
Strout & Holmes, Portland, Maine.

Married, Dec. 1, 1872, to Miss
K. E. Perkins, of West Poland, by
the Rev. James Libby.

1874, October,—Admitted to the
bar in Androscoggin County.

Post-office address, West Poland,
Maine.

THE
BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF '75, BATES COLLEGE.

EDITED BY

ARTHUR S. WHITEHOUSE, FRANK H. SMITH, GEORGE OAK.

BUSINESS MANAGER: J. HERBERT HUTCHINS.

VOL. II.

DOVER, N. H.

PRINTED AT THE MORNING STAR JOB PRINTING HOUSE.

1874.

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BATES COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

REV. OREN B. CHENEY, D.D.,
President.

REV. JOHN FULLONTON, D.D.,
Prof. of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology.

JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A.M.,
Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.

REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D.,
Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.

RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M.,
Professor of Chemistry and Geology.

THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M.,
Professor of Modern Languages.

REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, A.M.,
Professor of Systematic Theology.

GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M.,
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M.,
Professor of Hebrew.

REV. CHARLES H. MALCOM, D.D.,
Lecturer on History.

CLARENCE A. BICKFORD, A.B.,
Instructor.

FRANK W. COBB, A.B.,
Tutor.

EDMUND R. ANGELL,
Tutor.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Aeneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. Greek; in three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's Greek grammar. MATHEMATICS: In Loomis's or Greenleaf's *Arithmetic*, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis's *Algebra*, and in two books of *Geometry*. ENGLISH: In Mitchell's *Ancient Geography*, and in Worcester's *Ancient History*.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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